

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

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Sub-Editors:—C. H. GRIMSHAW, J. E. WRIGHT.

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Clever Impostures.

CREDULITY is a phenomenon of persistent recurrence in the history of mankind, but its manifestations, on a large scale, vary from age to age according to the differing characters of its chief factors—ignorance and curiosity. Ignorance, pure and simple, of nature and men, of life and books, is usually coupled with a restless inquisitiveness and insatiable thirst for news, regardless of its quality. The credulity bred of this union becomes the prey of gross and vulgar frauds addressed to any prevailing disposition or current prejudice. By far the greater number of people in the world, from the gaping school-boy who pins his faith to the fact that if guinea-pigs are held up by their tails their eyes will drop out, to the positive old woman who always knows that rain is coming “because the new moon is on her back,” seem too ready to yield credence to wonderful and strange assertions. Learned ignorance, *i.e.*, the lack of any knowledge of the world and its pursuits, with the exception of one absorbing object of study, is commonly united with a curiosity the restricted scope of which only renders it the more morbidly active. Credulity is as common amongst experts as in the world at large, but the frauds which victimise them must be contrived with special skill, so as to appeal to their ruling passion and arouse their enthusiasm without appearing to offend the conditions of which their experience qualifies them to judge.

In considering, then, some of these noted attempts on men's credulity, it may be possible to gather some experience of the vulnerable points of human nature in this respect. The first case is one of mistaken identity.

It is not generally known that a dead body brought to light by our police is often—if not always—identified pretty positively as being that of five or six different people. Nor need this be set down (as it has been) as proof of the frequency of the disappearance of our fellow-creatures from their homes and families, and of the prevalence of undiscovered crime, but rather to the great delight in identification taken by many persons. For instance, in the month of April, 1726, a very curious sight “might have been seen,” as the novelists say, by any wayfarers who happened to pass through St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, the exposition, namely, of a human head upon a pole. This was not, it must be observed, the head of a traitor. Nobody, indeed, knew whose

head it was, and the Government had had it set up, washed and combed, for the purpose of its identification. It had been found in a dry dock near the Horse Ferry, Westminster, and many people came to see it. A poor woman from Kingsland at last recognised it as the head of her husband, who had been missing since a time just before the head had been found. His other relatives, who flocked to identify him, were all so sure of the fact of his identity that, "Regardless of grammar, they all cried 'That's him!'" But it wasn't him; for the Kingsland truant was alive and well, having been detained by a navy press-gang. A certain woman was afterwards discovered to be the wife of the dead man, and it was proved by witnesses that she had murdered her husband. She was taken, all unconscious of detection, to identify the head, and at once cried most plaintively: "Oh, it is my dear husband's head! it is my dear husband's head!" [she having helped to cut it off with her own hands.] Like Boccaccio's Isabella over her pot of basil, "she took the glass that contained it in her arms and shed many tears as she embraced it. When, however, with some idea, perhaps, of trying the ancient ordeal of touch, they took the head out to offer her a lock of hair, she cried out and fainted, and later confessed her crime. Petit treason, as the murder of husband by wife is legally termed, up to the thirtieth year of our good King George III was punishable by strangulation and burning, and this the "true" wife duly suffered.

But nothing can be less satisfactory than the depositions of even the most conscientious witnesses in legal trials of identity. The bewildered and puzzled look of those who give testimony, the confusion and uncertainty exhibited by them, the inadequacy, and even absurdity of the alleged reasons for recognition or non-recognition, have been noticed and commented on by the daily press times without number.

I. MARTIN GUERRE.

Of cases of mistaken identity, Lambert Simnel, of beatific cake fame, and Perkin Warbeck, the son of a converted Flemish Jew, form notable instances to every school-boy. But that of Martin Guerre is not so well known.

Martin Guerre was born at Andaye, near Bayonne, at some time during the first half of the sixteenth century. He was married by his parents, in pursuance of a barbarous custom of that time and place, at the age of *eleven*, to Bertrande de Rols (pretty name, Bertrande!), a girl of the mature age of *ten*. The husband and wife lived together peaceably and amicably for some eight years, when a son, Sancho, was born to them. Soon after this event, but whether there is any farther connection history reveals not, Martin stole a bushel of corn from his father and, alarmed at the enormity of his crime, precipitately ran away. Time passed, and eight years after a stranger came to Martin's village, Artigues, and claimed to be Martin Guerre returned home again. He was recognised by some, among whom were Martin's sisters, as the long-lost wanderer, but

Bertrande at first refused to acknowledge him. On his recounting, however, in minute detail, conversations held with her years before, and incidents of their boy-and-girl courtship, and on his mentioning several articles of wearing apparel he had left behind, and the places in which they had been left, even this opposition and incredulity faded away. The suspicion, too, of Martin Guerre's uncle was overcome when many private details of business were accurately recalled by the bearded stranger, and Martin, as he was recognised by all, lived with Bertrande for four years.

But at the end of this time a rumour began to spread, beginning from the sworn assertion of a passing soldier that this stranger was not Martin Guerre at all, but that Martin was serving as a soldier in Flanders, where he had had a leg taken off by a cannon-ball. After a little delay, Bertrande opened a case against the new-comer, and accused him of false impersonation, saying that he was Arnault de Tilh, and had assumed the name and character of Martin Guerre for the sake of the property—7,000 to 8,000 livres.

Martin Guerre, it was asserted, had been tall and dark, thin in frame and of meagre legs; he stooped so that his head seemed almost lower than his shoulders, and while his upper lip overhung his lower prominently, his nose was flat and turned up slightly at the end. There was also a scar on his right eyebrow. This last, however, the new-comer possessed; but, for the rest, he was short and stout, with well-replenished limbs; he did not stoop, and his nose had no suspicion of elevation at the tip. The shoe-maker who used to make Martin Guerre's shoes gave witness that his size used to be No. 12, whereas the stranger could be easily fitted with No. 9. Martin, of old time, it was recollected, was good as a swordsman and as a wrestler: the new Martin knew not tierce from carte, and shrank from risking a fall. He could not speak a single word of the Basque tongue, whereas the original Martin Guerre was born in Biscaye and should certainly have some traces of the Basque in his speech. Last of all, Sancho, Martin's little son, did not resemble in the slightest this second Martin, and emphasis was laid on the assertion of a few that the accused man was Arnault de Tilh, a thief, addicted to swearing and blasphemy, a notorious liar, and daring and unscrupulous in the extreme.

For the defence, it was witnessed by forty different people—among whom were Martin's four sisters—that this was really Martin Guerre, and the guests who had been present at the wedding, together with a female friend, who had taken to them their final meal on the wedding night, concurred in this assertion. There were several prominent marks which were said to be the same in the persons both of the old Martin and of this new comer: each had two double-teeth in the upper jaw; an effusion of blood in his right eye; the nail on the first finger of the right hand was broken, and on the same hand there were three warts. On arriving at Artigues, the new comer had addressed familiarly by name all his former friends and acquaintances, and, when not recognised immediately, had named places to which they had gone together,

and detailed conversations of ten, fifteen and twenty years back. In conclusion, the prisoner's counsel hinted that Pierre Guerre, the uncle, had forced Bertrande to prosecute her husband, in order to obtain the property.

In his final speech, the lawyer for the prosecution pointed out that there were more witnesses to the fact of the prisoner being not Martin Guerre than otherwise; that the identical marks had only been vaguely recollected, and those only singly by single individuals, and that there was no argument, at all cogent, to be based on personal resemblance.

Classical readers will doubtless call to mind how Sura, the Roman Pro-Consul in Sicily, found in that island a poor fisherman who had never been away from his native place, but was in trait, form, size, voice, and manner, easily mistakable for himself—the Pro-Consul. They both laughed in the same way, they both had the same tone of voice, and both stammered. And Egyptian students will remember how, when a large wooden statue of the period of the 4th dynasty was unearthed, the labourers at the excavation all called out at once, "The Sheikh-el-Beledh," so great was the resemblance to the chief of their village, Sakkarah.

But, on his examination—for the prisoner is always examined in France—the new comer gave the most minute account of Martin Guerre's former life. He named, for instance, trivial circumstances connected with Sancho's birth and baptism; the name of the church where he was baptised, the priest who officiated, the guests who attended, the hour of the day, and many unimportant events.

The judges hesitated. And at this critical juncture a man with a single leg, an old soldier, came into the district, and was promptly hailed by some as the true Martin Guerre. The judges had now to decide which was the real Simon Pure. The first comer was glib and confident; the late comer answered questions in doubtful and hesitating accents. At last Martin Guerre's sisters on seeing number two, acknowledged they had made a mistake, and fell on the neck of their long lost brother in an ecstasy of (French) recognition. Number one, seeing the game was up, confessed, and on the 12th of September, 1560, Arnault de Tilh was condemned to walk bare-headed and bare-footed, in penitential shirt, torch in right hand, and halter round his neck, to the door of the church of Artigues, to pray for the pardon of the king, of justice, and of those he had wronged in person and estate; thence to proceed to the house of Martin Guerre, and in front of it to be hanged till he was dead; lastly, to be burnt, and his ashes scattered to the winds. All which was duly executed.

The real Martin Guerre survived for long, it is recorded, and was at last reconciled to the faithful Bertrande, and "lived happy ever after." It will be seen at once with what consummate cleverness Arnault de Tilh had played his part, having gleaned all his cues and reminiscences from the idle chat of the real Martin Guerre in the procedure of a long acquaintanceship at the wars.

The next impostor who might be cited as a great example, and a brilliant, is George Psalmanazar.

A Crying Grievance.

IT was in a third-class "smoker" on the G.W.R. that we met. We had simultaneously made for an empty compartment at C—, and after making a rapid and suspicious scrutiny of the other, each resigned himself to the misfortune of travelling with the other. As was only natural under the circumstances, we settled in diagonally opposite corners, the writer facing the engine. Our combined offensiveness was effectual in preventing anyone else from joining us, and thus we started on our long journey.

Now, as the writer has a share (however humble) in the subsequent events, it is correct (though embarrassing) that there should be inserted here some brief description of him. He is a young man of whose personal appearance it would be immodest to speak. He is said to be polite, good-tempered, sympathetic, and long-suffering. It is also said—but he is claiming too much notice; let us look at that other man. He is middle-sized, about forty, dark, just beginning to turn grey; might be handsome, were it not that a pair of little, deep-set eyes and a great hook-nose give him a determined and dictatorial aspect. Such were the two individuals who were so intent on their reading that neither addressed the other till we were some twenty miles from C—. Then it chanced that both looked up and our eyes met. He essayed the remark, "Aren't we getting near P—," naming a town on a line which runs parallel to the G.W. at a distance of about fifty miles.

"I'm not quite sure," answered the other, sacrificing truth to politeness. So the conversation ceased for a time; yet, though my companion took no further interest in his own question, the ice of tacit distrust was broken. Passing through C—, I put down my newspaper. Again he took the lead. "Would I mind letting him see it for a minute?" "Certainly not," I added, and passed it. He wandered from page to page for some time, then he swooped on something which interested him. After perusing it carefully, he laid the paper on the seat and, with a gasp, exclaimed, "Awful! Isn't it?"

"Dreadful," was the cautious reply.

"Let's see. How many drowned?" he continued.

Now I understood, and boldly answered "Seventy-eight, I think."

He took up the sheet, and turning to the account, headed in the largest type, of the loss of a British steamer, "Yes! Seventy-eight," he confirmed.

"Poor souls!" I said. Without opening his mouth, he muttered a guttural "Ugm," which cut short my expressions of sympathy. He seemed deep in thought and, as mine was the last intelligent remark, I did not consider it my duty to interrupt his meditations.

"Absolutely manifest, the cause," was the remark which he had considered so long. The newspapers seemed to make it clear that the unhappy A— had been driven by terrible storms on to a well-

known reef, whose name and position were given. So I ventured to quote, but he cut me short with an impatient "Nonsense!"

This little outburst of temper rather surprised and annoyed me. I failed to see what offence I had given, but wishing by all means to avoid a quarrel, I would have kept silence if he had permitted me. But he was evidently fully wound up, and, unwittingly, I had set off the alarum. "Not a spot on the chart where she struck," he said, and I did not dare to deny so positive an assertion on the evidence of a mere newspaper.

"Should be surveyed oftener," he continued, in the same domineering tone.

"Why, hasn't it been sounded?" I meekly asked.

"Yes, it *has* been sounded," he rejoined, and I would rather he had called me an idiot.

"Five years ago," he continued. I was surprised at his being so positive about a small island in the Indian Ocean after the ignorance he had previously displayed in the matter of a large town in the next county. However, I simply uttered an "Oh!" and retired from the conversation; but that did not suit him. He had evidently some strong card in reserve with which he intended to crush me, body and spirit. But I would not lead; he was chafing, but it had to come.

"Know the cause?" he snapped.

"No," I answered, and I blush for my cowardice.

"Volcanic eruption!" he yelled so sharply that I looked to see it out of the window. "Absolutely certain," he added, in a more peaceful tone.

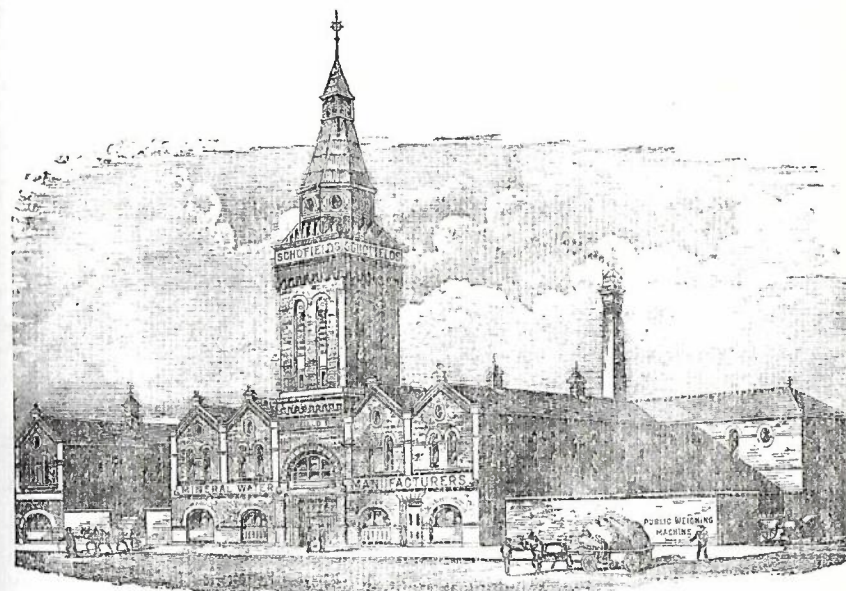
"Really!" I rejoined, not incredulously.

"Absolutely certain," he repeated, "Why! Didn't the —er—er, what-do-you-call 'em, get lost in the same way last year?"

"The N—," I timidly suggested, and was relieved when he said he meant the N—.

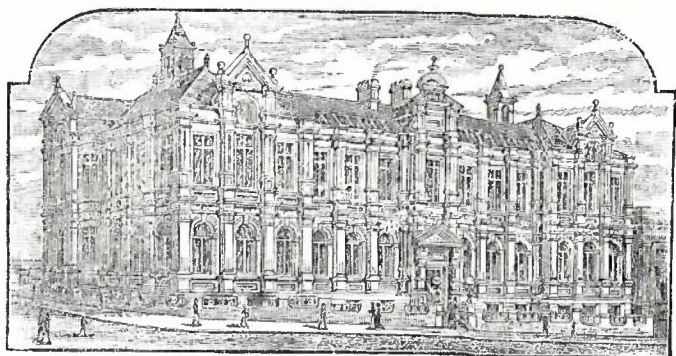
"Didn't she belong to R. & Co.?" I asked, trying to coax him out of his ground. But he would not budge an inch, and went on, "Not the slightest doubt that upheaval of the sea-bottom was the cause of that wreck." Here, again, I had been led astray by false newspaper reports of fog and bad weather.

"That's three certain cases in twelve months." Really his arithmetic was wonderful. "Yes; all earthquakes and volcanic eruptions," he continued, "and there was a fourth case in the Bay of Cadiz, the —er—O! I can't think of the name—exactly the same. Right along the Mediterranean it went. Wasn't it San Marino where there wasn't a house left standing? Yes; it was. The change in the bottom was incredible" (here he was wrong, however, for I was ready to believe anything given on his authority), "Upheavals everywhere. Why, at Pisa, where there were hundreds of fathoms one day, you could see the rocks sticking up the next. Right from the Riviera to Vesuvius, it is absolutely certain that the whole bottom was upheaved. Absolutely certain," he repeated very slowly.



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I had had enough; he certainly went beyond my depth, so I tried to resume the common-place. "Magnificent harvest," I said. But he disdainfully let my wide go past. However, he was silent, so I hid myself behind my paper, and was just beginning to be interested in a syrup cure when he touched my knee (in his excitement he had moved opposite to me), "Scandalous in a civilised country, isn't it?"

"Yes! Shockingly slow travelling," I replied with desperate valour.

"I referred to the negligence of the Admiralty," he said, freezing.

"Oh!" I guiltily exclaimed.

"The upheavals are enormous," he cried; and though I have spent but little time on the ocean-bed, I echoed "Enormous." Here it occurred to me to ask if he smoked; he did, and condescended to accept my best cigar. But he only lingered a moment to light it and just taste the flavour; then the old story again. "Ought to be done every six months. Never was such a national scandal."

"The present Government has much to account for," I cleverly inserted. But the shot missed; he was above party politics, good philanthropist he was.

"Had I ever seen the Mersey bar? Same cause," he said, and I was in a condition to believe that jelly-fishes and lighthouses were belched up from the depths. "Charts no more good than waste paper," he went on, and I noticed an inch of ash on my treasured cigar. It was really insupportable. Did he mind the window open? Not at all.

To be continued.

Chat on the Corridor.

FOR some time we have refrained from complaining about the scanty support which the *Magazine* receives in the School. It is not pleasant to be perpetually reminded of the fact that we are scarcely paying our way, even with the exercise of the strictest economy. But knowing that almost every boy in the school reads the *Magazine*, whilst, on the average, only two hundred buy copies, we feel that a straightforward appeal should have the effect of increasing the circulation. For the boy who buys the *Magazine* we have nothing but thanks; but we ask the one who is content, month after month, to read his neighbour's copy, without ever thinking of buying one himself, whether his action is not entirely selfish. It certainly is the duty of the elder boys in the school to do the work of editing the *Magazine*; but if an editor has any rights at all, it certainly is the duty of the school to relieve him of serious financial liability. We hope that this request will be noticed, and that there will be a considerable increase in the circulation of future issues.

Mr. A. J. Ewart, Ph.D., D.Sc., who has been engaged in research work for some years, has been appointed temporary Professor of Botany at Mason College, Birmingham. The achievements of this distinguished family are really overwhelming.

C. H. Grimshaw and W. J. Williams have passed Smalls. W. E. Carter, who left school last December, has passed the entrance examination for Naval Engineers, and goes down to Devonport to begin a course of five years' training.

R. R. Cormack and J. H. Thwaites have gained City Council Scholarships to University College, Liverpool. Each Scholarship is worth about £65 per year, and is tenable for three years.

The following old boys have been successful in examinations at University College, Liverpool:—Honours Schools, Engineering, First Class, P. S. Couldrey; Second Class, C. H. Stewart. Zoology, Second Class, E. J. W. Harvey. B.A. Ordinary Pass Degree, J. D. Lamb, H. E. Williams. B.Sc. Ordinary Pass Degree, F. K. Hyde. Faculty of Law, Intermediate, B. P. Burroughs; Preliminary, J. J. Bell, P. Fisher, H. R. Hurter, F. De O'Brien, J. H. Eastwood, W. H. Griffiths, F. C. Pugh.

We have had a most disastrous Cricket season. Not a single match has been won, although the team has shown considerable improvement towards the end of the season. We had only two of last year's eleven to begin with, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to raise an eleven at all. The lack of a ground has been a terrible handicap; yet, though it has been necessary to play all matches away, there is some satisfaction in knowing that since the beginning of May we have only scratched one fixture. It has latterly been the general rule to take the field with eight men and a substitute, and through this irregularity of a few of the team we have lost several chances of victory. However, let it be remembered by anyone who is disposed to jeer at the failure of the team, that it requires some pluck and determination to persevere in the face of defeat on defeat. If it is not a crime to be optimistic after such a season, may we add that, if we can only get a ground, there will be sufficient material left to form a good team next year.

We cannot allow to pass this opportunity of paying a tribute to the captain of this year's team, H. S. Brown, who, under the most adverse circumstances, has always set an example of persevering pluck, both at the wicket and in the field.

As we write, the Oxford Locals are almost on us, and with strong candidates in for both Junior and Senior divisions, the great reputation of the school is sure to be sustained. But might we remind those who are expected to take high positions, that it is seven years since an Institute boy was top? Surely one of the four who have had firsts before can reach the supreme height. Were it not impertinent to advise, we would suggest to all candidates to be most careful about their weakest subjects. Meanwhile, we postpone further remarks on the Oxford till next issue.

Club Reports.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB.

There have been regular club meetings as in previous years on Tuesdays and Fridays. The membership has decreased somewhat, yet the attendance at the baths has been fairly satisfactory. The Annual Competition takes place on Friday, 9th July, and the club practices will be continued after the holidays, till October 31st.

CRICKET.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Played at Field House, on Wednesday, May 5th. Score:—

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
E Bevington, b Snow	18	Mr Kenyon, b Pugh	6
H D Johnston, b Snow	65	Mr. G Goddard, c Hawkes, b Pugh	16
J L Hawkes, c and b Snow	2	H B Jenkins, b Pugh	0
A E Hawkes, b Snow	0	P J Rose, b Johnston	0
A Summers, c Rose, b Snow	33	W H Griffiths, b Johnston	4
F C Pugh, b Snow	0	Mr Snow, run out	0
W Morris, b Goddard	0	W H Pitts, not out	0
T K Cannell, b Goddard	1	C Hill, c Johnston, b Pugh	0
Howard, c Pitts, b Goddard	0	T Pugh, c Morris, b Johnston	8
H H Evans, not out	1		
Extras	4		
Total	124	Total	34

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (M.S.).

Played at Fairfield, on Wednesday, June 2nd. Score:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.		LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.	
P J Rose, c A Shaw, b Matthews	1	W M Shaw, b Williams	6
P Williams, ht wkt, b Little	1	H L Robinson, c and b Hill	9
C Hill, b Little	2	G F Trace, c and b Hill	3
E Tebbutt, b Little	0	H L Thomas, c Williams, b Hill	26
H S Brown, b Matthews	13	A E Shaw, b Tebbutt	1
Sinclair, b Matthews	8	P W Trace, c Rose, b Tebbutt	0
F Beckett, b Matthews	0	C B Tutt, c Brown, b Tebbutt	2
Lloyd, b Matthews	0	J Crawford, b Tebbutt	9
H Watson, b Little	1	H Matthews, b Tebbutt	4
T L Walker, not out	0	H M Little, not out	7
Extra	1	E Shaw, b Tebbutt	5
		Extras	15
Total	27	Total	87

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (U.S.).

Played at Greenbank Road, on Saturday, June 5th. Result:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE—12	LIVERPOOL COLLEGE—97.
(Brown, 29; Hebblethwaite, 28.)	

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.

Played at Birkenhead, on Wednesday, June 9th. Score:—

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
A P Hunt, c Williams, b Rose ..	49	P J Rose, c Wild, b Hunt	17
T Deakin, b Rose	7	P Williams, c and b Hunt	2
H MacVicar, run out	11	F Byrne, run out	2
L Taylor, c Rose, b Williams ..	30	C Hill, b Hunt	0
V B Brown, b Rose	12	P G Edwards, c Brown, b MacVicar	3
M Wild, b Rose	1	H S Brown, c Hulme, b MacVicar	9
R F Procter, not out	22	H Watson, b Hunt	0
H C Hargreaves, b Rose	7	W Bell, b Hunt	0
J A Hargreaves, b Rose	3	H Hall, c Horbury, b Hunt	0
L Horbury, b Rose	0	F Beckett, c Hunt, b MacVicar ..	0
F C Hulme, c Edwards, b Rose ..	4	Davies, not out	2
Extras	3	Extras	5
Total	149	Total	40

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. MERCHANT TAYLORS (SHIELD MATCH).

This, our first Shield Match, was played at Crosby, on Saturday, June 12th. We had a full team, but, except for a well-hit 21, not out, by Pitts, the batting was a failure. Merchants batted well right down the team, the last man being bowled just on time. Jack's 67 was a specially fine effort. We have to thank Canon Armour for his kindness in providing tea for our team. Score:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.		MERCHANT TAYLORS.	
P J Rose, b Bentley	3	A N Jack, c Hill, b Rose	67
P Williams, b Jack	0	Montgomery, b Rose	3
F Byrne, b Bentley	2	Townshend, c Pitts, b Brown ..	21
H S Brown, b Bentley	1	Woodward, b Tebbutt	13
C Hill, b Jack	5	C Bentley, b Brown	17
E Tebbutt, c Dunman, b Bentley	8	W J Chate, c Pitts, b Sinclair ..	3
H Watson, b Bentley	1	Costain, b Tebbutt	6
W H Pitts, not out	21	Howarth, not out	20
Sinclair, c Costain, b Jack	1	T Dunman, c Williams, b Brown	15
P G Edwards, b Jack	4	Rennie, b Sinclair	4
H Hall, b Jack	7	Stowell, b Tebbutt	3
Extras	3	Extras	14
Total	56	Total	186

HIGH SCHOOL v. COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

Played on Wednesday, June 16th, at Field House, kindly lent by University College. Score:—

HIGH SCHOOL.		COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.	
P J Rose, c Jones, b Cross	3	H Sinclair, c Byrne, b Tebbutt ..	1
E Tebbutt, c Sinclair, b Jones ..	3	P G Edwards, c Brown, b Tebbutt	0
C Hill, b Cross	2	P Williams, lbw, b Rose	0
H S Brown, c Ward, b Cross	15	F Beckett, b Rose	0
F Byrne, run out	0	W H Pitts, b Rose	2
J B Affleck, b Cross	0	H Hall, b Rose	8
H Watson, c and b Cross	0	W G Jones, ht wkt, b Rose	5
H W McCay, c Jones, b Cross	2	C Cross, not out	4
S H Nixon, b Pitts	1	H Ward, b Tebbutt	0
E G Turner, c Cross, b Pitts	0	J Lloyd, run out	3
T Chisholm, not out	0	J Jones, c and b Tebbutt	1
Extras	7	Extras	3
Total	33	Total	27

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (M.S.)

Played at Fairfield, on Saturday, June 19th. Score:—

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
G F Trace, b Tebbutt	0	P J Rose, b Matthews	1
J Miller, b Tebbutt	5	P Williams, b Shaw	16
H L Robinson, b Tebbutt	7	W G Jones, b Matthews	0
W M Shaw, lbw, b Tebbutt	38	H S Brown, b Trace	11
A E Shaw, not out	51	E Tebbutt, not out	22
H L Thomas, c Brown, b Rose	2	F Cross, c Shaw, b Trace	1
P Trace, run out	0	H Hall, b Shaw	1
A Lee		W E Carter, not out	5
H Matthews } did not bat		F Byrne	
H Little } did not bat		T Chisholm } did not bat	
S Shaw		E G Turner	
Extras	11	Extras	12
Total for 6 wickets (inning declared)	114	Total six wickets	69

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (U.S.)

Played at Greenbank Road, on Wednesday, June 23rd. We won the toss, but our batting was almost a collapse, though the wicket was partly accountable for this. The College passed our total with 5 wickets down; Sachse playing well for 25. Tebbutt took 4 wickets for 42, Jones 2 for 15, Rose 2 for 28, and Brown 1 for 4. Score:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.		LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (U.S.)	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
P J Rose, b Leather	10	P J Rose, c and b Leather	3
P Williams, c Sachse, b Leather ..	0	P Williams, run out	0
W G Jones, b Leather	1	W G Jones, b Weaver	15
E Tebbutt, b Weaver	1	E Tebbutt, b Hebblethwaite	5
H S Brown, b Weaver	6	H S Brown, b Weaver	15
F Cross, b Leather	9	F Cross, b Hebblethwaite	12
C Hill, run out	3	C Hill, c Jackson, b Weaver	8
F Byrne, c Sinclair, b Weaver ..	5	F Byrne, b Weaver	3
H Hall, b Weaver	0	H Hall, not out	1
T Chisholm, run out	0	T Chisholm, b Hebblethwaite	1
E G Turner, not out	1	E G Turner, b Weaver	0
Extras	5	Extras	3
Total	41	Total	66

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (U.S.)		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
F W H Weaver, b Rose	14	F W H Weaver, not out	6
D N Hebblethwaite, b Tebbutt ..	12	D N Hebblethwaite, not out	6
A A Brown, c Byrne, b Tebbutt ..	2		
T W Fletcher, c Turner, b Tebbutt	4		
G Leather, b Rose	5		
C Wright, b Jones	2		
F A Sachse, c and b Tebbutt	25		
J M Mitchell, c and b Brown	17		
W Jackson, c Rose b Williams	4		
E Sinclair, b Jones	4		
W Montgomery, not out	2		
Extras	6		
Total	97	Total no wicket	12

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Played at Field House, on Wednesday, June 30th. Score:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.		UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.	
Mr. Snow, b Johnston.....	11	H D Johnston, b Snow	54
P J Rose, c Johnston, b Pugh	3	B M Ward, b Goddard	42
Mr. Goddard, c Johnston, b Ward ..	18	J L Hawkes, not out	17
F Cross, run out	2	T C Barlow, not out.....	17
F Byrne, c Hawkes, b Johnston ..	7	Extras	10
W H Pitts, b Ward	0		
H S Brown, b Ward.....	3		
H Hall, b Johnston	0		
C Hill, c Ward, b Johnston	0		
H Watson, b Ward	7		
E G Turner, not out	1		
Extras	10		
Total.....	62	Total two wickets.....	140

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.

(Shield Match).

Played at Birkenhead, on Saturday, July 3rd. We were without Tebbutt, Cross, Pitts, Williams and Edwards. Birkenhead batted first on a good fast wicket. Rose and Jones bowled, Brown getting one wicket in his only over. Hunt seemed well set when he was caught at point. The innings closed for 86. Jones took 4 wickets for 34, Rose 5 for 42, and Brown 1 for 3. Birkenhead kindly provided tea between the innings. Rose and Jones started our batting, and the total reached 16 before Jones was out. Rose was bowled by a full-pitcher at 26, and the innings was soon over for 39. Wild took 4 wickets for 3 runs. Score:—

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
A P Hunt, c Byrne, b Rose	20	P J Rose, b MacVicar	16
N MacVicar, c Hall, b Rose	10	W G Jones, c Hargreaves b Bennette	3
A Taylor, b Jones.....	6	F Byrne, b Wild	6
V W Brown, b Jones	12	H S Brown, c Hunt, b Wild	0
H C Hargreaves, c Rose, b Brown ..	8	W Bell, c Hargreaves, b MacVicar ..	0
R F Proctor, b Jones	0	H Watson, st Hunt, b Macvicar ..	1
H G White, b Jones.....	9	H Hall, b Wild	1
M Wild, b Rose.....	6	C Hill, not out	6
W Bennette, c and b Rose.....	6	J Watt, b MacVicar.....	0
T Deakin, b Rose	1	Extras	6
F C Hulme, not out.....	2		
Extras	6		
Total.....	86	Total.....	39

Editorial Notices.

A large number of annual subscriptions fall due this month; subscribers are requested to send them at their earliest convenience.

Since our last issue we have received the following Magazines from other Schools:—*Fettesian*, *Sphinx*, *Oakham School Magazine*, *Indian Helper* and *Red Man*, *Plymothian*, *Denstonian*, *Portcullis*, *St. Edward's School Chronicle*.